

# THE DIAL

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## M. BRUNETIÈRE'S PEDAGOGICAL PRESCRIPTION.

The visit to this country of M. Ferdinand Brunetière is one of the most important "literary" events of recent years. In significance and influence, it may be compared only with Matthew Arnold's visit of fifteen years ago; for M. Brunetière is as distinctly the first of living French critics as Arnold was of English critics then living. This does not in either case mean—it never means—that any one man can be an absolute ruler in the critical domain, or that all of his judgments must be taken as finally authoritative. But it does mean, with both the Englishman and the Frenchman, that an unusually successful effort to eliminate the personal equation, and to see things as they absolutely are, has invested the judgments of these two men with a degree of authority hardly to be claimed for any others of their generation.

In one of his New York lectures last month, M. Brunetière said that no one had followed more anxiously or more disinterestedly than himself the French literary movement of the past score of years. He then added, in a passage which may be taken as the keynote of his entire critical career:

"The first condition of disinterestedness is never to follow one's tastes, and to begin by distrusting the things which give us pleasure. The most delicious dishes are not the most wholesome; we never fail to distinguish between our cooks and our doctors. In the moral world the beginning of virtue is to distrust what is most natural to us, and the same is true in the intellectual world. To distrust what we like is the beginning of wisdom in art and literature."

These words represent so accurately what has always been the attitude of *THE DIAL* toward the fundamental doctrine of criticism that we hardly need, in so many words, to express our concurrence with M. Brunetière in this all-important matter. That the value of literary work must be determined with reference to law and not to caprice, that the only valid critical judgments are those which are free from the taint of subjectivity, and that personal opinion represents only a rudimentary stage in the development of criticism, are propositions that mean substantially the same thing, and that it is the first duty of the critic to recognize and

to justify. What is commonly called "subjective criticism" may be, and frequently is, reading of the most delightful sort, but it is not criticism in any real sense, for its aim is the illumination of the recesses of the writer's own mind, rather than of the work held up for examination. It is always pleasant to follow the play of a finely sensitive intellect about some production of literary art, but it does not help us, except in a very roundabout way, to understand that production in its essence.

The function of opinion in criticism is precisely what it is in any other branch of science. It assists in the framing of hypotheses, which may, in their turn, lead us by tentative paths to the truth. But to make of opinion an end in itself is a procedure as grotesquely inadequate in aesthetics as it would be in physics. What would be the present position of natural science if its masters had remained content with their neat hypotheses, and had spared themselves the arduous tasks of modification by experiment and of ultimate verification? Gravitation and evolution and the conservation of energy were once matters of opinion, with no binding force whatever. If Newton and Darwin and Helmholtz had been content to put these things forward as opinions, the world would soon have forgotten their names. But the opinions became unquestionable truths when they were enforced by the application of a rigorous scientific method, and we honor the men who established them for the very reason that those men knew the assertion of opinion to be but the beginning of knowledge.

It is doubtless true that the science of aesthetics offers a peculiarly difficult field for investigation, and that critical opinion often requires a long time to ripen into knowledge. But we must not for that reason imagine that there is any finality in opinion, that its character is other than transitory or provisional. The subject may be illustrated by the history of the reputation of every great writer who has been long enough before the public to acquire recognition among the fixed stars of literature. M. Brunetière took Racine for the special illustration of this thesis.

"M. France said: 'We know only ourselves. Whatever you are trying to explain, you are only expounding yourself. Shakespeare alone has known Shakespeare.' I answered M. France that his argument that we cannot go outside of ourselves proves too much, as it applies to our knowledge of the physical world as well as to our knowledge of other minds, and I added that one of the men who knew Victor Hugo least was Victor Hugo. M. Lemaître says: 'I have an opinion of Racine. You

have another. Good, that makes two. Perhaps there is another; that makes three. There may be an infinity of them. Why should one submit to another? It is much more amusing to have three opinions of Racine than one, still more amusing to have an infinite number.' I answered M. Lemaître that no doubt there were several opinions about Racine, but that he, the master, with his elegant, 'malicious,' and subtle spirit, exaggerated the differences of human opinions. It is certainly agreed that Racine is a great man, that he is a higher dramatic genius than Voltaire, for instance, and a lower one than Corneille, and such general agreements are all we need for our kind of criticism."

Here the discussion ends, as far as Racine is concerned; but the speaker might easily have gone on to show that the position of Racine is not thus fixed merely because of a practically unanimous consensus of opinion, but that this consensus itself is the resultant of forces by which the judgment of every serious critic is more or less consciously determined, that it follows from the very laws of literary art.

A writer in the New York "Nation" has recently undertaken to traverse this fundamental doctrine of M. Brunetière's creed. Taking for his text the very paragraph that we quoted at the beginning of the present article, he says that the "analogy of the delicious but unwholesome dishes is a little misleading." He then goes on as follows:

"The primary object of eating is to nourish the body, not to please the palate. . . . With the work of art, on the other hand, pleasingness, in the broad sense of the word, is the final test of excellence. Its usefulness is to please. There is no higher court of appeal, no doctor with exact scientific tests who has a right to pronounce it good though disagreeable, or bad though acceptable to the taste. It is true that the moralist often arrogates to himself this right, but he is only a fallible brother expressing an opinion. One is a moralist one's self."

The shallowness of this reasoning is so apparent that it need not be taken very seriously. It is the old plea for hedonism transferred to the plane of aesthetics, and is defended by the old familiar logomachies. We are quite content to admit that aesthetic law can have no higher claim to authority than moral law, and should even have been willing to allow that the moral law was the better defined and the more firmly grounded of the two. "One" may be "a moralist one's self," if he please, but the consequences of this sort of individualism, if put into practice, are likely to be distressing. So, in aesthetical matters, one may be a critic one's self, to his heart's content, but his position, if he set up his private judgment against the collective judgment of the best informed in a succession of generations, will not prove exactly comfortable.

But our individualist critic practically aban-



dons his own position in a passage that soon follows :

"Of course this reasoning does not apply to the young, whose tastes are in the formative stage, or to the mentally indolent who have never reflected on their own tastes. In the interest of education such persons may very well take to heart the maxim to distrust their own taste. But it is hardly to be supposed that M. Brunetière meant to offer a pedagogical prescription."

Is it not? In our opinion, that is precisely what M. Brunetière did mean to offer. Most people are either young or mentally indolent as far as the appreciation of literature is concerned. To like a book is one thing, and to know whether or not it is a good book, and why, is quite another thing. It is the natural man whom M. Brunetière seeks to warn, not the man of trained perceptions and sympathies. We presume that M. Brunetière has a great deal of confidence in his own likes and dislikes, the reason being that a strenuous process of analysis has transferred them from the plane of prejudice to the plane of deliberate and reasoned judgment. And it is just because he knows so amply from his own experience how great is the difference between a prejudice and a judgment, between the likes and dislikes of the natural man and those of the critic whose historical sense has been developed by the widest reading and who has learned to substitute scientific method for empiricism, it is just because of these facts that he offers us the "pedagogical prescription" so much needed in this country, which has as yet produced but little critical writing in the high and true sense of that term.

#### COMMUNICATION.

##### IN DEFENSE OF THE MAGAZINES.

(To the Editor of THE DIAL.)

Mr. Chapman's frankly subjective letter raises a question—a series of them—on which light is most desirable. The case seems to me too gloomily put. "Prevailing flatness and sameness" is not the present condition of fiction, at any rate. Any and every sort of originality, especially in the short story, is eagerly caught at. The market seems enormous, production is entirely too much encouraged,—and certainly nothing like so many different publications were ever afloat at one time. Biography (to take a fair instance) is generously treated, and much creditable work is being done. Certainly Mr. Woodrow Wilson does not seem like a product of deforming conditions. Consider, again, Mr. John Fiske's success.

As to magazine poetry, it is harder to be optimistic. Probably there is no real demand for it anyway, good or bad,—and so each magazine fills those little chinks

between articles with the rhymes of the editors and of their cronies. That is what Whicher and I say to each other, at least, when our good sonnets and chants are "in process of being rejected by all the principal magazines." Still, I believe, and hope, there is always a wide niche for the real thing, whenever Miss Edith Thomas, for instance, is inspired to sing. And T. W. H., a writer both delicately artistic and prolific, says in public that he never got but one thing back. O Colonel! How can a man so spoiled by prosperity retain such tender sympathy for failure and crudeness in others?

Mr. Chapman has himself had a very full and fair hearing, in our most conservative literary monthly, this very year, for the express purpose of traversing sharply the vague veneration felt for our most venerable (American) classic author. If his briefer paper goes a-begging for a hearing, there is a large general reason that may explain it. There is a deplorable lack of interest, among our people, in *literary criticism*.

Since the experience-meeting example is already set, I may perhaps continue it. Mr. Chapman took the trouble to applaud my paper on "Nausicaa," and asked for more. But the publishers knew they had given me an over-generous hearing on such themes. They were quite right to shut the door at last. In the long run, the public should not be fed with what it certainly does not want. When my first collection of Greek papers, with "The Atlantic" (and much generous reviewing) behind it, failed to sell seven hundred copies in seven years, it was high time to accept the broad hint, and to devote all the limited space of the magazine to fresher themes.

But, speaking for the barred-out, I still say heartily, the great magazines are well up among the best elements in our national life. Abuse the daily papers as much as you please, and I for one cry Amen! I wish I had the courage and firmness to refrain from reading them,—and to save the time for the immortals whom Mr. Mabie mentions in every sermon. Does *he* really read his Dante yearly? The dust is undisturbed on mine, from one house-cleaning to the next; but I know the record of league base-ball games up to yesterday. We are what we are, very near the end of the century. The magazines give us the best we will tolerate, and far better than we deserve. Mr. Chapman himself confesses they are the young author's one chance for a hearing and an income. Why complain of *them*, that they will not print what we cannot, or dare not, offer the dear public in separate book form?

There should be an ideal audience for ideally good work? Yes: that is true. There should be a literary organ so liberally endowed that it should be absolutely independent of its readers or its buyers. It should have a goodly corps of editors, as eminent, as fearless, as critical, as can anywhere be found. Admittance into its pages should be as much a matter of pure literary merit as twenty Charles Eliot Nortons could make it.

Personally, I think a million dollars could not be better laid out. I even believe the ideal publication would pay very fair dividends, and have a very large circulation—provided always it remained clearly indifferent to both! But such a thing never existed, doubtless, anywhere. Meantime, why complain that legitimate and beneficent enterprises, which minister delightfully to widely-felt needs, are partially influenced by necessary business principles?

WILLIAM C. LAWTON.

Brooklyn, N. Y., May 5, 1897.

### The New Books.

#### A NAPOLEONIC MARSHAL AND HIS AIDE.\*

Of additions to the stock of memoirs of Revolutionary and Napoleonic times there seems no end. Talleyrand once assigned vanity as the leading motive force of the French Revolution; and one who reads attentively the annals of that era can scarcely fail to note in the bearing of its worthies a tinge of the histrionic, a tendency to pose and perorate, even when the boards they trod were the ensanguined planks of the guillotine. It was natural that men so convinced of the importance of their individual rôles in the drama of their time should be solicitous lest history should obscure or belittle those rôles in the eyes of posterity. There were few of them who did not at least place it in the power of someone they implicitly trusted to amply record what they had been and done. Such seems to have been the case with Marshal Oudinot, Duc de Reggio — a brilliant soldier and steadfast man, whose name is an often recurring one in the story of the Napoleonic wars, and whose memoirs, compiled from the souvenirs of his wife, are now for the first time done into English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, forming a volume of some 460 pages.

Nicolas Charles Oudinot (1767-1847) was one of the many men of talent and energy for whom the Revolution opened a path to distinction that must in all likelihood have been closed to them under the old order. The son of a brewer of Bar-le-Duc, he began life a common foot-soldier, and ended it a Peer and Marshal of France — one of the most notable figures of an era prolific of notable men. He owed his advance, or at least his repute in high places, scarcely less to his integrity and steadfastness as an administrator than to his capacity as a soldier. He won laurels in the first Austrian and the Russian campaigns, and at Bautzen and Leipzig. In 1812 he led the second corps in the invasion of Russia, and so skilfully protected the crossing of the Beresina that he was hailed as the "preserver of the army." On the return from Elba, Oudinot, who had a high

\*MEMOIRS OF MARSHAL OUDINOT, DUC DE REGGIO. Compiled from the hitherto unpublished souvenirs of the Duchesse de Reggio, by Gaston Stiegler; now first translated into English by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. With portraits. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

MEMOIRS OF BARON LEJEUNE, Aide-de-Camp to Marshals Berthier, Davout, and Oudinot. Translated and edited from the original French by Mrs. Arthur Bell (N. D'Anvers); with Introduction by Major-General Maurice, C.B. In two volumes. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

sense of loyalty, remained faithful to Louis XVIII., though his command went over *en masse* to the Emperor. He refused to serve during the Hundred Days. "Well, M. le Duc de Reggio!" said Bonaparte ironically to the inflexible soldier, "and what have the Bourbons done more for you than I, to make you want to defend them so finely against my approach?" For once the speaker had failed to read and appreciate his man. After Waterloo, Oudinot was made Commander-in-Chief of the National Guard; and he made a determined effort to save his old companion in arms, Marshal Ney. He finished his career as Governor of the Invalides, under Louis Philippe.

On Oudinot's death, letters of condolence were received by his family from sovereigns of countries against which he had fought and whose local affairs he had administered under the great foe of all. One of these letters especially, from Frederick William of Prussia, breathes the warmest regard for the dead soldier of the Empire, and attests that he was a magnanimous, as well as a formidable, foe.

The Duchesse de Reggio's narrative is fluently and simply written — a frank and unpretentious tale wherein a mother retraces for her children the different phases of her own and their father's chequered existence. Much of the value of the book is due to the painstaking work of the compiler, M. Gaston Stiegler. There are interesting portraits of the Marshal and his wife.

Among the military memoirs of Napoleonic times those of the soldier-painter Baron Louis François Lejeune possess a charm and character distinctive enough to entitle them to rank as a book apart. Lejeune was a soldier through stress of circumstances, an artist by choice and temperament. His military career was long and distinguished; but it is plain to the reader of his memoirs that he mentally signed himself painter, not soldier, throughout. In the lull of a campaign we find him studying such collections of art as offered themselves; and where the interval of peace was long enough he returned to Paris and his easel as to an occupation interrupted. The artist's temperament everywhere lends color and character to his narrative. In the main, Lejeune depicts for us a scene or an incident, not because it was historically important, but because it appealed to his artistic sense—formed, in fact, an attractive or a striking *motif* for a picture. He interrupts the account of an advance of his division

on the eve of Austerlitz, to paint the charms of a wintry landscape; the grim details of a siege are relieved by bits of *genre* and sentiment touched in by a master-hand. In portraying the moving incidents and ghastly minor accompaniments of war, in making the reader see and feel what war means to people who directly share in it and suffer by it, Lejeune has few rivals in literature. Nothing in Tolstoi or Zola, no canvas of Verestchagin, excels in lurid realism his description of the siege of Saragossa.

We have heard something in this country of late as to the "educative value" of war, as to its saving efficacy as a national regenerator and tonic for patriotism grown languid. War, so far from being, as commonly supposed, a thing essentially brutalizing and demoralizing to those waging it, is held by the philosophy of chauvinism to be the grand conservator of the national bond and fountain of the civic virtues. In Lejeune's narrative there is little that tends to support this paradoxical theory of the tonic effect upon national morals of recurring periods of wholesale havoc and bloodshed. On the contrary, we can point to no more cogent peace tract, no more shocking picture of the satanic moral and physical results of the frenzy of battle, than Lejeune's account of the siege and storm of Saragossa. The awful straits to which the inhabitants of the town were reduced, and the fanatic fury of their resistance, is familiar matter of song and history. In the train of slaughter and famine came pestilence. The famishing wretches, herded in fetid vaults and cellars to escape the hail of bombs that crashed through the roofs of their houses, died in droves, stricken as by an unseen hand.

"Many were no longer strong enough to remove their dead, and those corpses which were carried into the streets or to the doors of the churches remained there without burial. Often bombs would burst and shatter the dead to pieces, tearing them from their tattered shrouds, so that at every turn the most horrible sights met the eye. . . . I can still see one room in the second story of a house which had been broken into and partially destroyed from the bottom to the top. An explosion had surprised a father and a daughter just as they were taking their siesta after their meal by a little round table, on which a few drinking vessels still remained. The old man, who was pretty well dressed and partly wrapped in his cloak, was seated in a big black wooden arm-chair, and his daughter was stretched on a rush mat at his feet. There was nothing in their features to betray what they had suffered, and during the few minutes I spent near the motionless group I really wondered whether the bodies were real or made of wax."

Lejeune draws a grewsome picture of the scenes in and about the Convent of St. Francis,

which the French took by assault after a most determined resistance. More than four hundred Spanish workmen and a whole corps of grenadiers had been destroyed at a blow by the explosion of a mine under the convent walls.

"Not a step could be taken without stumbling over torn limbs, often still palpitating, hands or fragments of arms torn from the bodies to which they had belonged, revealing to us how fearful and widespread had been the catastrophe."

The vestiges of carnage were strewn even to the roof of the shattered church. A grenadier who had pursued the few surviving Spaniards thither, drew back in horror, exclaiming: "Look at that stream of blood! Look at the lamentable results of obstinacy and rage!"

"We looked and saw the blood of a number of Aragonese flowing beneath our feet into the gutters of the roofs, whence it poured through the prominent Gothic gargoyles, representing dragons, vultures, and winged monsters. For some eight centuries nothing but rain-water had flowed from these gutters and spouts; but now, by a horrible contrast, they vomited forth upon the assailants below torrents of human gore."

The French, after the outer walls were breached, forced their way into the city with the aid of the sapper and the miner literally foot by foot.

"As soon as a house was taken, a miner was sent down to the lowest part of the cellars, where he set to work to open a mine beneath the street or under the next house so as to reach the one we wanted to attack. This mine was then charged in the most profound silence, and with such skill that the line of least resistance was beneath the condemned house. Directly after the explosion the soldiers, who were held in readiness, flung themselves through the clouds of dust which arose, and took possession of the ruins of the house just thrown down, where to secure possession they quickly barricaded themselves and awaited the night. . . . One day it so happened that two parties of miners — one besieged, the other besiegers — debouched at the same moment from their rival galleries in the same cellar; and there, in the gloom, scarcely relieved by the light of their lanterns, they flung themselves upon each other with their tools, their knives, and their sabres, without waiting for any other weapons. It was indeed war to the knife promised us by Palafox. The furious blows exchanged knocked down around the combatants the great stone jars used by the Spanish for storing wine and oil, and those who were struck down by pick or mattock were drowned in a mixed flood of wine, oil, and blood."

A dramatic picture is drawn by Lejeune of the storming of the Convent of the Nuns of Jerusalem. The plight of the pious inmates, who saw their once peaceful haven wrapped in flames and defiled by carnage, was pathetic enough.

"As we approached we saw them tearing down from the altars the objects of their chaste devotion, in the hope of saving them from destruction. The devoted women, with no thought for themselves and inspired only with



religious zeal, took nothing with them but crucifixes and images of the Infant Savior, which they held closely in their arms as they abandoned, with heartrending cries, the only homes they had, strewn with tokens of their piety and loving kindness. In all the chapels were numerous pretty little figures in colored wax representing the Infant Jesus, with snow-white lambs decked with ribbons and various ornaments invented by the childlike imaginations of the guileless nuns. Wounded soldiers fell across mangers decked with flowers, evergreens, and moss, or overturned cradles of the Infant Savior; and the blood of the dying trickled over bunches of immortelles, crowns of roses, and azure-blue ribbons."

Saragossa fell at last; and on the appointed day the Spanish column filed out in marching order, carrying their flags and arms, according to the terms of capitulation. Says Lejeune:

"Never, perhaps, had any of us gazed on a sadder or more touching spectacle. Thirteen thousand sickly-looking men, bearing in their bodies the seeds of disease, all frightfully emaciated, with long black matted beards, and scarcely able to hold their weapons, dragged themselves slowly along to the sound of the drum. Their clothes were dirty and disordered; in a word, everything about them bore witness to their terrible misery; but in spite of their livid faces, blackened with the smoke of powder, and scarred with the deep traces of rage and grief, their whole bearing still radiated forth an indescribable dignity and pride. . . . When the moment came for these gallant troops to pile their arms and deliver up their flags to us, many of them gave violent expression to their despair. Their eyes gleamed with rage, and their savage looks seemed to say that they had counted our troops, and deeply regretted having yielded to such a small number of enemies. They started for France, and Saragossa was conquered!"

As a compiler of historical anecdotes and purveyor of memories of the Emperor, Lejeune is naturally inferior to writers like Marbot, De Menéval, and Barras. In narrative freshness and charm he is the equal of Thiebault; while in purely pictorial quality he has no peer among Napoleonic memoirists.

E. G. J.

#### MYCENÆAN EXPLORATION SINCE SCHLIEMANN.\*

In a sumptuous and fascinating volume, creditable alike to American scholarship and American publishing enterprise, we are presented with a record of the remarkable recent discoveries, and the latest conclusions based upon those discoveries, at the sites of Mycenæ, Tiryns, and Troy. These conclusions may be briefly announced thus: first, that a rich

and artistic civilization prevailed at Mycenæ, Tiryns, Troy, Orchomenus, and Amyclæ; second, that the "bloom-time" of this civilization was from the seventeenth or sixteenth century B. C. down to the twelfth; third, that the Homeric poems, produced after the Mycenæan period, yet describe its aftermath of art and life.

The reader is first of all impressed with the celerity of archæological progress since the pioneer Schliemann, in 1870, turned the first sod on the hill of Hissarlik and opened a new and wondrous era for "the science of the spade." For twelve years he strove to win the world of scholars away from Bunar-bashi to Hissarlik as the site of Homer's Troy; but critical scholarship, proverbially shy, shrank from his superb enthusiasm, and "only took snuff" when he announced that in the second stratum from the native rock he had discovered the treasure of Priam. The treasure was indubitable enough; but — Priam? In 1882, however, with the invaluable help of Dr. Dörpfeld, the Second City was proved to have had an imposing acropolis, and to have perished in a great conflagration; and its identity with the Homeric Troy — to say nothing of Priam — was regarded as fairly established. But in 1890, Schliemann and Dörpfeld returned to the attack, and shifted their excavations to the southwest of the burnt city; and here they discovered no less than seven distinct layers of buildings above this second city. In the fourth layer counting from above, or the sixth from the bed-rock, were found the remains of a mighty fortress of the Mycenæan age, which answered, even better than the Second City, to the description of the Homeric Pergamos. The untimely death of Dr. Schliemann in 1890 left the problem to be worked out by Dr. Dörpfeld, whose decision, published in 1893, now commands general assent. And so the matter stands to-day, as regards Troy: namely, that in the Sixth City we have the remains of a citadel of the Mycenæan era, and that this citadel is, to date, the best claimant to Homeric standing.

The book before us is a collaboration. Dr. Chrestos Tsountas, a young Greek archæologist, was commissioned by the Greek government in 1886 to continue the excavations at Mycenæ which Dr. Schliemann had so brilliantly begun ten years before; and his "Mycenæ and the Mycenæan Civilization" (written in Greek and published in 1893) was almost epoch-making in its systematic treatment of

\*THE MYCENÆAN AGE: A Study of the Monuments and Culture of Pre-Homeric Greece. By Dr. Chrestos Tsountas, Ephor of Antiquities and Director of Excavations at Mycenæ; and J. Irving Manatt, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of Greek Literature and History at Brown University. With an Introduction by Dr. Dörpfeld. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



"the whole subject of Greek culture in the light of the monuments." Professor J. Irving Manatt, of Brown University, one of our most enthusiastic American Hellenists, undertook the arduous but grateful task of making a book which should embody all of Tsountas's results with all that has been added to Mycenæology by the last three fruitful years, and should spread the whole rich record before the eyes of the English-speaking world. Probably no better interpreter could have been found. Professor Manatt has scholarship, experience, and a glowing style well held in hand. He has completely recast the materials before him; and has certainly given Dr. Tsountas an introduction to American and English readers which will place him and his work in line with Schliemann and Dörpfeld.

The two great sites of Mycenaean civilization are Mycenæ itself and its neighbor Tiryns. Our authors devote the bulk of their work to an elaborate discussion of the discoveries at Tiryns and Mycenæ, many of which had been made familiar to English readers in Schliemann's "Mycenæ" and "Tiryns," and especially in the admirable summary of Schliemann's excavations prepared by Schuchhardt, and published, in translation, in 1891. Schliemann's thrilling announcement, in 1876, that he had found the "royal graves in the circle at Mycenæ, with their heroic tenants still masked in gold and their heroic equipage around them" (as Manatt puts it), is still fresh in our memory. He at once believed and proclaimed that these were the graves of Agamemnon and his followers, butchered by Ægisthus and Clytemnestra. With almost equal positiveness, Tsountas and Mannatt now say:

"That they are the tombs of a royal line is beyond a doubt, but the name of that line we can no more determine than we can tell those of the families which fashioned the great domes (the bee-hive tombs, the 'treasury of Atreus,' etc.). Whatever hypothesis be put forward, it must always remain pure conjecture. . . . But we do know that many centuries later there was current at Mycenæ a tradition, certainly mistaken, that the largest and the finest of the domed tombs were the treasures of Atreus and his sons, and that within the Acropolis were buried Atreus and Electra, with Agamemnon and his followers, foully done to death by Ægisthus and Clytemnestra."

The chapter devoted to Tiryns is an excellent piece of topographical description, and leaves the careful reader in complete possession of the latest and best-considered opinions as to the position and probable use of every wall, chamber, and gallery on that ancient ridge of limestone. The distinction between "Cyclopean,"

"polygonal," and rectangular masonry is well brought out and made clear to the layman, who may have confused the first two of these with each other. Cyclopean structure means "huge masses of rock, either unwrought or roughly dressed with the hammer and piled one upon another, not quite irregularly, as has been held, but with an effort at horizontal jointing and with the use of clay mortar (now mostly washed out) as a bedding material. . . . Polygonal masonry employs stones carefully hewn into polygons with unequal sides, and so closely joined together that there are no gaps and consequently no bonding with small stones or mortar." The rectangular order is too familiar to need description, having persisted in all subsequent architecture. Curiously enough, however, our authors affirm, apparently with reason, that this form of structure at Tiryns and Mycenæ was earlier than the polygonal, and assign to the famous "polygonal tower" a date not long before the destruction of Mycenæ by the Argives in 468 B. C.

The book is lavishly illustrated with maps, plans, and pictures; the covers being peculiarly enriched with gilt embossed bands reproducing the superb goldsmith's work on the Vaphio cups found by Dr. Tsountas in 1889. The illustrations, as a whole, do not reach the standard of clear-cut precision set by Schuchhardt's book mentioned above, comparison with which is inevitable. A notable exception must be made in the case of the five fine plates from photographs by Professor Colwell, of Denison University.

A number of slips in the proof-reading, and some items of latest information prepared after the rest of the book had been printed, are noted in two pages of "addenda et corrigenda." Besides these, we may call attention to the sentence (on page 145), "At either hand lay two more cups, one of silver and one of gold; the latter are the now famous Vaphio cups," etc.,—where the word "pair" would seem necessary after "one."

JOSIAH RENICK SMITH.

"THE Fern-Collectors' Handbook and Herbarium" (Holt), prepared by Miss Sadie F. Price, is a quarto volume containing full-page drawings, very accurately made, of about seventy species of our native ferns. The blank pages opposite the drawings are to be utilized for the reception of the herbarium specimens prepared by the amateur collector. With the help of a few exchanges, it would not be a difficult matter for anyone interested in ferns to fill all of these blank pages, while identification of the species offers no difficulty in the presence of these drawings.

## THE BIOLOGICAL PROBLEM OF TO-DAY.\*

The translation of Prof. Oscar Hertwig's essay, "Preformation oder Epigenese?" which has been published under the title "The Biological Problem of To-day," may perhaps serve a useful purpose. One of the most remarkable features of certain writings which have appeared in the last few years has been their unhesitating acceptance of Weismann's captivating speculations. Weismannism in its crudest and most uncompromising form has run riot in the pages of reviews and even of text-books. Some of the votaries of sociology — that science which Mr. Leslie Stephens characterizes as "a very vague body of approximate truths" — have built up imposing structures on the supposedly established facts of biology. The ingeniously simple hypotheses of the prophet are taken as the very flower and fruit of biological wisdom. If one takes as foundation (*pace* Mr. Kidd) "this conclusion which biology is now approaching," a very pretty edifice may doubtless be erected. Should Hertwig's notable essay lead some of these authors, dutifully ambitious to embody in their writings the "latest biological thought," to realize that Weismann's notions of development and heredity, stimulating though they have been, are yet based largely on a foundation of unverified and unverifiable hypotheses, it will not have been in vain.

The question of the development of the individual from the egg may well be regarded not only as the problem of to-day, but as the problem of the past and the future. The particular phase of the question considered in Hertwig's essay was also the subject of the life-long labors of the Genevan naturalist Bonnet, more than a hundred years ago. Does the adult organism exist ready-made in the egg or "germ," or does it develop by a process of new-formation (epigenesis)? Bonnet, as is well known, was the untiring advocate of the preformation theory. The consequences arising from thus picturing the adult as already formed in miniature in the germ, and as developing by means of a simple "swelling-up" of parts, were unflinchingly met by Bonnet and carried to their logical conclusion. Hertwig sees in the Weismannian doctrine of determinants a return to the preformationist standpoint of Bonnet. If it be true that the difference in the various cells of the body, muscle-cells, nerve-cells, etc., is due to differ-

ence in the structure of certain units, the determinants, the similarity of the new and old doctrines is apparent. "It would be impossible," says Weismann, "for any small portion of the human skin to undergo a hereditary and independent change from the germ onwards, unless a small vital element corresponding to this particular part of the skin existed in the germ substance, a variation in this element causing a corresponding variation in the part concerned. Were this not the case, birthmarks would not exist."

Hertwig attacks this position, which he regards as the position of the preformationists of the last century "slightly altered." Two of Weismann's interesting assumptions — first, the distinction between an *Erbgleiche Theilung* (translated *doubling division*) and an *Erbungleiche Theilung* (*differentiating division*), and second, the sharp contrast which Weismann claims to exist between body-plasm and germ-plasm — are brushed aside by Hertwig. An adult organism arises from a single cell, the egg or germ, by a process of repeated division and subdivision of the protoplasm of the egg-cell. On Weismann's hypothesis the division is at first "doubling," afterwards "differentiating." The germ protoplasm remains passive, undeveloped, undifferentiated, and is handed on — by doubling division — unchanged from parent to offspring; the somatic protoplasm undergoes active differentiation and development, and the elements composing it (determinants) are sorted out, by differentiating division, into appropriate groups of cells, each with its predetermined destination in the adult soma. To this Hertwig replies: "Cells multiply only by doubling division. Between somatic cells and reproductive cells there is no strong contrast, no gulf that cannot be bridged" (page 84).

Against the specific doctrine of determinants, Hertwig argues strenuously. He neatly turns the tables on the sociologists by inserting the famous social organism comparison.

"The human state may be conceived as a high and compound organism that, by the union of many individuals, and by their division into classes with different functions, has developed into a form always becoming more complicated. . . . As the state develops, urban and district communities, unions for husbandry and manufactures, colleges of physicians, parliaments, ministries, armies, and so forth, appear. All this visible complexity depends upon individuals associated for definite purposes and specialized in different directions. It would certainly not occur to anyone to explain the growth of this complexity in the developing state by the assumption that this secondary complexity was preformed as

\*THE BIOLOGICAL PROBLEM OF TO-DAY: Preformation or Epigenesis? By Prof. Dr. Oscar Hertwig; translated by P. Chalmers Mitchell, M.A. New York: The Macmillan Co.

definite material particles present in the first pair, although the first pair is the rudiment of the whole. . . . But what applies to the causal relations between the state organism and men applies also, *ceteris paribus*, to the explanation of the causal relations between the rudiments in the egg and the organism to which the egg gives rise" (pp. 91, 92).

Hertwig's own view, which he regards as orthodox epigenesis, is stated in similar terms.

"Culture and civilization are the wonderfully complicated results of the coöperation of many individuals united in society. By the manifoldings of their relations and their combinations, men in society have brought about a higher complexity than man, left by himself; ever would have been able to develop from his own individual properties — a complexity that has arisen by the interaction of the same characters of many men in coöperation. Similarly, the activity of the egg in growth and cell-formation is an inexhaustible source of new complexity; for the self-multiplying systems of units always binding themselves into higher complexes, continually enter into new interrelations, and afford the opportunity for new combinations of forces — in fact, of new characters."

And again:

"Thus, during the course of development, they are forces external to the cells that bid them assume the individual characters appropriate to their individual relations to the whole; the determining forces are not within the cells, as the doctrine of determinants supposes. The cells develop those characters that are suggested by their relation to the external world and their places in the whole organism. . . . In my theory two assumptions of totally contrasting nature are made: I assume a germ-plasm of high and specific organization, and I assume that this is transformed into the adult product by epigenetic agencies" (pp. 136, 138).

This last remark plays directly into the hands of the enemy. Mr. Herbert Spencer, although equally with Hertwig an opponent of Weismannism, has noticed the incongruity:

"To this it may be replied that the ability to form the appropriate cell-complexes, itself depends upon the constitutional units contained in the cells."

It may well be questioned whether Hertwig in this essay does not show to better advantage as critic of Weismann's hypotheses than as architect of his own. It has been found easier to point out the faulty architectonics of Weismann's unsteady structure than to figure a satisfactory façade to his own conception.

The translation, as might be gathered from the examples given, is not mellifluous, but that perhaps should not be demanded. It is accurate and fairly smooth, though with too many inversions. The troublesome word *Anlage* is "rudiment" for this translator, which is at least better than "fundament." On page 12 the translator leaves undisturbed a beautiful juxtaposition of metaphorical pillows, bricks, and cobwebs.

EDWIN O. JORDAN.

#### RECENT FICTION.\*

Mr. Hardy's new novel is not strictly new, for it was published serially several years ago. It seems, however, to have made little impression at the time, and there is no doubt that before the appearance of "Tess" and "Jude" the author had much less vogue than has since been given him by those extraordinary books. We could wish, indeed, that "The Well-Beloved" were a recently-written book, for it would represent a reaction from the mood of cynical bitterness that has been upon Mr. Hardy of late, and all lovers of good literature would rejoice to learn that the "blue devils" had been exorcised, and to find the novelist of "Far from the Madding Crowd" and "A Pair of Blue Eyes" restored to them. Such a "return of the native" to his old-time scenes and

\*THE WELL-BELOVED. A Sketch of a Temperament. By Thomas Hardy. New York: Harper & Brothers.

FLAMES. By Robert Hichens. Chicago: Herbert S. Stone & Co.

PHROSO. A Romance. By Anthony Hope. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Co.

THE MASTER-BEGGARS. By L. Cope Cornford. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

A PEARL OF THE REALM. By Anna L. Glyn. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

A WOMAN'S COURIER. By William Joseph Yeoman. New York: Stone & Kimball.

FOR THE WHITE ROSE OF ARNO. By Owen Rhoscomyl. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

THE LAST RECRUIT OF CLARE'S. By S. R. Keightley. New York: Harper & Brothers.

TROOPER PETER HALKET OF MASHONALAND. By Olive Schreiner. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

A PINCHBECK GODDESS. By Mrs. J. M. Fleming (Alice M. Kipling). New York: D. Appleton & Co.

EN ROUTE. By J.-K. Huysmans. Translated from the French by C. Kegan Paul. New York: New Amsterdam Book Co.

THE GREEN BOOK. By Maurus Jokai. Translated by Mrs. Waugh. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE CHOIR INVISIBLE. By James Lane Allen. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE LANDLORD AT LION'S HEAD. A Novel. By W. D. Howells. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE DESCENDANT. A Novel. New York: Harper & Brothers.

THE MAN WHO WINS. By Robert Herrick. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ON MANY SEAS. The Life and Exploits of a Yankee Sailor. By Frederick Benton Williams. New York: The Macmillan Co.

THE GREAT K. & A. TRAIN ROBBERY. By Paul Leicester Ford. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

THE SPOILS OF POTYNTON. By Henry James. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

WHEN THE CENTURY WAS NEW. A Novel. By Charles Conrad Abbott, M.D. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

AN INHERITANCE. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

FRANCES WALDEAUX. A Novel. By Rebecca Harding Davis. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A QUESTIONABLE MARRIAGE. By A. Shackelford Sullivan. Chicago: Rand, McNally & Co.

IN THE CRUCIBLE. By Grace Denio Litchfield. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

A TRANSATLANTIC CHATELAIN. By Helen Choate Prince. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



themes would be welcome indeed, as we feel over and over again in reading this old book that we should be glad to think a new one. Mr. Hardy is well-advised to describe the book as "a sketch of a temperament," for it is distinctly a temperament and not a character that is presented under the name of Jocelyn Pierston. He is a man who all his life long is in love with love rather than with any particular woman, and "the well-beloved" is his name for a sort of Platonic idea that assumes one embodiment after another, for an elusive ideal which is the permanent element in many fleeting forms. "Each individuality known as Lucy, Jane, Flora, Evangeline, or what-not, had been merely a transient condition of her. He did not recognize this as an excuse or as a defence, but as a fact simply. Essentially she was perhaps of no tangible substance; a spirit, a dream, a frenzy, a conception, an aroma, an epitomized sex, a light of the eye, a parting of the lips. God only knew what she really was; Pierston did not. She was indescribable." To the hard-headed reader, this may seem nothing more than a fine-spun theory, a sophistical way of describing the natural fickleness of the *homme sensuel moyen*. But there is a difference, and this difference is so entirely of the essence of Mr. Hardy's story that a failure to comprehend it is a failure to get the author's point of view, a failure to see anything at all worth seeing in his book. To begin with, Pierston is not a sensual man; we are told distinctly that he had never wronged one of the many women in whose forms the migratory well-beloved had taken up a temporary abode. To call him a nympholept, as one critic has done, is to exaggerate unduly the sensual element in a passion that is presented to us as almost purely a matter of the intellect, and that should rather be taken as akin to the rapture of artistic contemplation. The real key to the problem of this temperament is to be sought elsewhere, and is suggested by the author himself in an apt quotation from Tennyson's "Tithonus." To project the freshness of youthful feeling into the years of ripeness is given to but few, and the possibility of such a consummation has much that is alluring. But the tragic aspect of the matter is not wanting, as we are taught by the example of "this gray shadow once a man," enamored at the age of sixty with the grandchild of the woman whom he had loved when he was twenty. The bare outline of Pierston's story is that he loves successively, at intervals of twenty years, three girls who represent three generations of the family with which his own fate seems to be linked. One might think that there was stuff for comedy in this situation; but Mr. Hardy will not have it so, and it is a signal triumph of his art that the reader is not moved to mirth as the tale unfolds.

A year or two ago the author of "The Green Carnation" seemed to be distinctly a man of promise. The short stories and the half-grown novel that followed that amusing skit bore out the promise to a certain extent, revealing descriptive and imaginative powers somewhat out of the common, and a marked talent

for the impressive treatment of weird or horrible themes. That the author took himself seriously is now made evident by the publication of "Flames," a novel that extends to over five hundred pages. It is clear that the ability of Mr. Hichens is not commensurate with his ambition. He has sought after the kind of triumph that Bulwer's "A Strange Story" exemplifies; he has attained a triumph that would be about worthy of Miss Corelli. In content, this novel tells of a mysterious transfer of souls from body to body; in form, it is a dreary waste of pretentious verbiage; in spirit and conception, it represents the most corrupt type of decadent literature. It is impossible to have any patience with its flaunting indecencies, or any sort of sympathy with the neurotic individuals who figure in its pages. Its whole view of life is morbid, its sentiment maudlin, its fundamental idea impossible, and its tone disgusting.

We are inclined to think "Phroso" the best novel, considered simply as a story of adventure, that "Anthony Hope" has published since "The Prisoner of Zenda" took the reading public by storm. There is perhaps better literature in some of his other books, more analysis, delicate comedy, and the like; but for romantic and adventurous interest, this latest novel must take high rank. The very suggestion of the isles of Greece is fascinating, and when we learn that the English hero is about to take possession of one of them, our hopes rise high. Nor are they disappointed by the outcome; for the isle in question turns out to be, as someone suggests early in the narrative, "a very conservative part of the world," and our hero and his companions seem to have reached a complete *impasse* when they find themselves in their new castle, surrounded by a mob of islanders howling for their lives. But the inventions of the romantic novelist are many, and seeming defeat is at the end transformed into victory. The heroine, whose name is short for Euphrosyne, is a very engaging product of an unsophisticated race,—so charming, in fact, that the point of honor seems a little strained that so long prevents the hero from renouncing the English girl to whom he is betrothed, and in whom we are evidently not expected to take the least interest, even at the outset. The book illustrates the peculiar exigencies of serial publication, and is, in that respect, defective when taken as a whole.

A stirring romance of the seventeenth century Netherlands is "The Master-Beggars," by Mr. L. Cope Cornford. Its theme is found, as the title indicates, in those guerrilla bands that made so much trouble for Alva, and that accepted as a badge of honor the title derisively bestowed upon them by their enemies. Mr. Cornford himself happily describes his book as "a tale of old time; wherein the scenes are laid, and the persons of the legend pursue their affairs, in that foreign country of rich plains and shining water, usurped from the waste kingdom of the sea and sown with monumental cities, which you know: a land so eloquent of calamitous genera-



tions, and ancient, bloody wars long since composed, that, were no histories extant, written (according to the vaunt of the knightly chronicler) for princes and persons of quality, a man could surely trace the footprints of the dead, and go to and fro, and sleep, and wake to find their story in his heart." The reader will surely find this story in his heart long after he has laid it aside, for it is vivid, dramatic, and forceful, full of the stuff of genuine romance, and made tender by the golden thread of a love-story. The hero, a monk turned soldier, and the heroine, a lady of high degree, are singularly engaging characters; and the rugged figure of the Wild Cat, the "beggar" chieftain, evokes sympathy and admiration up to the very hour of his heroic death, which somehow recalls the death of Hereward in Kingsley's magnificent romance.

The tide of English historical fiction continues as swollen as ever, and several recent productions in this field deserve to be mentioned here. "A Pearl of the Realm" is by a new writer, Miss Anna L. Glyn, and dates from the period of the Civil War in England. It is not a strong or vivid piece of work, but it has a very winsome heroine, and the narrative flows smoothly and pleasantly along to its happy conclusion. It is, moreover, exceptionally accurate in its history and topography, and altogether a satisfactory piece of work.

"A Woman's Courier," also by a new writer, has for its subject the conspiracy of 1696 against the life of the King. It is told in reminiscent vein by an old man whose youth was passed among the stirring scenes that filled the years just following the Revolution. It is mainly a story of adventure and intrigue, with enough love-interest to give the needed infusion of sentiment. The narrative is clean-cut, and the interest is never allowed to flag.

"For the White Rose of Arno," Mr. Owen Rhoscomyl's new romance, is anything but clean-cut, and we follow its course with considerable difficulty. We have previously spoken of the dense quality which serves to obscure the undoubted merits of this novelist; and the defect is still as noteworthy as ever. This story of "the Forty-five" has dramatic vigor, romantic atmosphere, and a fine Welsh flavor. Its sympathies are distinctly with the cause of the Pretender, and it is evident that the author would gladly have chronicled, did history permit, a success of the Stuart arms at Culloden.

The story of "The Last Recruit of Clare's" is described as "being passages from the memoirs of Anthony Dillon, Chevalier of St. Louis, and late Colonel of Clare's Regiment in the service of France." The time is that of Fontenoy; and the author is Mr. S. R. Keightley, two of whose historical novels were recently reviewed in these columns. The book presents a series of detached episodes rather than a continuous narrative, but is highly interesting for all that, and helps to strengthen our earlier conclusion that the author is quite the equal of Mr. Weyman as a master of historical romance.

Miss Olive Schreiner's recent contribution to the

literature of South African affairs has the form of fiction, but is in reality a tract undisguised. The greater part of it is a dialogue between a young English trooper in the service of the Chartered Company and a mysterious stranger who appears by his camp-fire one night when the trooper has lost his way on the veld. It is a little startling to realize that the stranger is no other than the Founder of the Christian religion; but there is no touch of irreverence in the author's design, and the conversation that ensues brings into striking contrast the two points of view of modern colonial enterprise and of fundamental ethics. Were it not for the prophetic earnestness of the stranger's discourse, we might take him to be the Altrurian discovered by our friend Mr. Howells, and made to point, although in other social spheres, absolute morals of much the same sort. Of the entire sincerity of Miss Schreiner's attitude there can be no doubt; but the book is too surcharged with emotion to prove very convincing to a logical mind, and her abhorrence of both Mr. Rhodes and the methods of the British South African Company has led her to a one-sided presentment of the situation. That the book has a certain power is not to be denied; it might almost have been written by Count Tolstoy, so simply confident and uncompromising is its stand on the side of what its author conceives to be the purest essence of Christian teaching. Yet it seems to us on the whole ineffectual, because its protest is not so much against the perversities of men as against the forces of nature herself.

"A Pinchbeck Goddess" will attract readers because it is written by a sister of Mr. Rudyard Kipling; were it not for this adventitious commendation, a story so feebly conventional would hardly call for mention. It is a narrative of Anglo-Indian society, and the characters chatter interminably without developing into anything interesting. The metamorphosis of the shy and morbid girl who figures in the opening chapters into the dashing heroine of the rest of the book is so untrue to the possibilities of human nature that we can have little patience with the writer who relies upon so cheap a trick for the main interest of her story.

It is only fair to the novel-reader to inform him, before saying anything further about "En Route," just translated from the French of M. J.-K. Haysmans, that the claim of the book to be classed among works of fiction is of the most tenuous sort. It is really a religious tract undisguised, being the second part of the trilogy begun with "La-bas" and ended with "La Cathédrale." The purpose of the entire work is to analyze the soul of a sensualist, and to describe the process of his conversion from the life of corruption to the life (or living death) of spiritual contemplation. Mr. C. Kegan Paul, who has translated this book, takes it very seriously indeed, as his preface indicates; and there is no doubt that it is a powerful piece of analysis, however morbid and perverse in both conception and method. But the artificial, almost mechanical, ministry that it brings

the mind diseased, is, to our thinking, about as far removed as anything well can be from a truly regenerative discipline. Church architecture, and sacred music, and the ritual of worship, and the regimen of the monastic life, are all vastly interesting subjects of study, but they are, after all, the trappings of religion, and not, as M. Huysmans would have us think, of its very essence. Upon all these subjects, the book displays much curious erudition, besides portraying a temperament that is an interesting object of study, but that is not, we feel bound to say, a normal type in any civilized community.

The latest novel of Mr. Jokai to be translated into English is called "The Green Book," and is based upon the Russian revolutionary movement of 1825. Like all of this versatile author's books, this novel is extremely animated, and crammed with picturesque incidents that throw probability to the winds; like most of them, also, it is shapeless and incoherent, bewildering the reader by its unexpected windings, and dazing him with its harshly-contrasted colors. It gives us full-length portraits of Alexander I. and the poet Pushkin, and outline sketches of other historical figures. The translation, we regret to say, is very badly done. It seems to have been made from some other language than the original (probably from the German), and the Russian proper names, after their triple metamorphosis, emerge in singular shapes—so singular that they are difficult of identification.

Turning now to the latest productions of American fiction, it seems in every way proper that "The Choir Invisible" should be given the place of honor. Looking about among our younger men of letters for the promise of some new and vital impulse, it has for several years seemed to us that such an impulse might be expected to come from the work of Mr. James Lane Allen. He has published few books as yet, but the number is sufficient to reveal a steadily increasing mastery of his art, and the quality such as to warrant readers of discernment in predicting for him a brilliant career and an assured place in the front rank of American writers. "The Choir Invisible" does not disappoint these expectations. It is not only the most ambitious of Mr. Allen's books, considered merely as to its scale, but it is also the one in which he has carried to the highest pitch that fineness of perception and that distinction of manner that have from the first set his work apart from the work of nearly all of his contemporaries. Hardly since Hawthorne have we had such pages as the best of these; hardly since "The Scarlet Letter" and "The Marble Faun" have we had fictive work so spiritual in essence and adorned with such delicate and lovely embroiderings of the imagination. There are descriptive passages so exquisitely wrought that the reader lingers over them to make them a possession forever; there are inner experiences so intensely realized that they become a part of the life of his own soul. The mere story of "The Choir Invisible" is no great thing, but we do not read such a book for its plot. The scene is

laid in Kentucky, the year is 1795. We read of a man who loves a gay and shallow village beauty, is separated from her by a series of petty misunderstandings, and afterwards learns the real meaning of love from the companionship of a noble-hearted woman several years his senior. The passion is hopeless, for she is already bound by the ties of a loveless marriage, and the inborn strength of the man comes out in the struggle of renunciation. A word must be said of the book—Malory's "Morte d'Arthur"—which helps the hero in his deep trouble, or rather a word of the part played by that noble chronicle of heroic deeds born of high ideals in bringing him to a realization of his better self and in teaching him how men are made strong through suffering. No finer tribute has ever been paid to this "old Bible of manhood" than is afforded by this study of its restraining and ennobling power. There are many other things in Mr. Allen's novel that deserve mention; such, for example, as its deep feeling for the epic of the pioneer, the historical vistas that it opens to the view, the tenderness and the grace of its reflective passages, the fine idealism that is never missing from its pages. It might, indeed, be urged that many of the pages belong to essay-writing rather than to creative art, and one must reluctantly allow that the interests of the individual characters concerned are at times so merged in the larger interests of an abstract humanity that we forget about the story. But this defect in the book, considered merely as fiction, makes it all the better literature, for literature it is in a sense that lifts it far above the level of stories that entertain for the hour and are then forgotten.

"The Landlord at Lion's Head," the latest novel by Mr. Howells, must be reckoned among his comparative failures. It is inordinately long for the modicum of interest attaching to its plot and to the characters with whose fortunes it deals. The study of the principal figure, although faithfully pursued through a maze of incident and delineative detail, is on the whole indeterminate and unconvincing; it comes out in a certain way, but the reader feels that it might just about as easily have been made to come out in an entirely different way. The other characters are as nearly lay figures as it is possible for Mr. Howells to draw, for his poorest sketches cannot help having a certain sharpness of outline, resulting from his trick of shrewd minute observation. Of course there are pages, and whole episodes, in this book that reveal the work of a master-hand, and of course the book as a whole is a "document" wherein the future historian of New England society may delve with the certainty of reward. But it is not altogether worthy of its author, from whom we have a right to expect as much as from any other American novelist now living.

The anonymous author of "The Descendant" is unduly oppressed with the doctrine of heredity. His thesis seems to be that the invidious bar of birth lies athwart the best intentions and the most reso-

lute character, shaping the life in spite of itself. This thesis is worked out in the character of a man whose childhood has been hopelessly embittered by the slurs cast upon it on account of illegitimacy, who leaves his country home for the city, who throws his whole energy into journalism of a radically socialistic and destructive type, who wins only to scorn the love of the woman who might have saved him, and whose maturer realization of the folly of his course results only in a fit of passion that makes him a murderer and lands him in a felon's cell. The book is undeniably strong, and rises to the height of genuine passion in its climactic scenes; but it is crude in the working-out of many of its episodes, and is rather suggestive of future possibilities than the earnest of achieved mastery.

Mr. Robert Herrick, in "The Man Who Wins," also sounds the note of heredity in a somewhat insistent fashion, rapidly sketching the history through several generations of a New England family of Puritan stock. The outline is truthful enough, for many a New England race has gone into just such a decline as is here held up for our edification, and nothing is more common than to find the austere self-repression of the ancestor counter-vailed by the reckless excesses of the descendant. It is simply a way that Nature has of making up her balances. And this moral and physical degeneration brings down not only the family type, but also drags into its current, through the agency of passion, the representatives of stronger strains. The principal character in Mr. Herrick's little book is a man of great capabilities, who marries into a failing family of the sort indicated, and renounces for the sake of love the career that he has marked out for himself. He is successful as the world views success, but the world sees nothing of the inner tragedy of his career. In the closing pages a new generation appears upon the scene, and the man who feels that the better part of his own life has been arrested in its development saves from a similar fate the youth who is a suitor for his daughter's hand. "The man who wins does not devote his life to an exacting passion for a neurotic woman." This is the key-note of the story, which has a certain sombre strength, which is told in terse straightforward English, and which exhibits both finish and restraint.

Probably no such vivid and realistic description of the life of the sailor has been given to the public since "Two Years before the Mast" than is to be found in the recently-published book called "On Many Seas." It is essentially autobiography rather than fiction, and is mentioned here only because it has all the entertaining qualities of an invented story, although supplemented by touches such as must always be beyond the reach of mere invention. "Frederick Benton Williams" is the name given upon the title-page, but we understand that Mr. Herbert Hamblen is the real name of the author. The ten years or more of voyages described are quite literally "on many seas," and the work goes far

beyond Dana's classic narrative in the scope and variety of the experiences recorded. The chief charm of the book lies in its unpretentious language; things are described exactly as they are recalled, and there is not the slightest effort to veneer them with any kind of "style." Although the period concerned is more than a generation later than that dealt with by Dana, the life described is one of at least equal hardship and perhaps even more sickening brutality. Only the hall-mark of truth saves many of the chapters from sheer repulsiveness. But it is pleasant to think that America can produce men with constitutions capable of surviving such conditions as are here relentlessly depicted, and with sufficient optimism to write about them in so unvariably cheerful a strain.

"The Great K. & A. Train Robbery" is, as the author calls it, nothing more than a "skit," and it would not be fair to base upon it any estimate of Mr. Ford's work. What he can do as a serious novelist is shown by that remarkable book, "The Honorable Peter Stirling," as well as by the serial now running in the pages of "The Atlantic Monthly." But we may say of his story of the train robbery that it is good literature of its kind, with skilful construction, exciting incident, pleasing dialogue, and the expected happy outcome.

"The Spoils of Poynton" consist of the "objects of bigotry and virtue" with which Mrs. Gereth, an ardent collector, has in the course of many years brought together for the adornment of her English home. Upon the sad event that leaves Mrs. Gereth a widow, the house and its belongings revert to her son, who knows nothing about bric-a-brac. Presently this son becomes enamoured of a very vulgar young woman, as incapable as he is of realizing what a dream of beauty Poynton has been made by its furnishings, but nevertheless determined to have them all, and to dispossess their collector. The heart-broken Mrs. Gereth thereupon resorts to the desperate measure of conveying the things surreptitiously away to the cottage provided for her future residence. Threatened with legal process, she still refuses to give them up, but at last restores them in the belief that her son will renounce the young woman in question, and marry another who has the virtue of artistic appreciation, to say nothing of many others. In a well-regulated novel, this is exactly what would have happened; but both the young man and the desirable young woman carry their notions of honor to the extreme of quixotism, and in the end the mother is left destitute of all that she most prizes, the son is mated to the woman whom he does not love, and the other woman, whom he has at last learned to love, has only the bitter satisfaction that her excess of scrupulosity has settled everything awry. This is the substance of the latest novel by Mr. Henry James, which is, of course, written with the most delicate literary art, but which remains about as cold-blooded and unattractive as it is possible for a work of fiction to be.

Dr. Abbott is a charming naturalist, but his gifts



as a story-teller are more questionable. There is excellent stuff in his unpretentious tale of the days "When the Century Was New," but the hand that deals with it is not enough practised in romance to make the most of his opportunities, or to keep his threads from getting tangled in the weaving. The situation set forth is as puzzling as a problem in chess; and when the final clearing-up comes, one still has to think out a good many things for himself, which is annoying.

It is pleasant to be reminded that such writers of accomplished achievement as Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford and Mrs. Rebecca Harding Davis are still in the active ranks, and have lost nothing of their early powers. Each of these women has recently given us a new story, and embodied anew some of the older and better ideals of American fiction. "An Inheritance," by Mrs. Spofford, has both sweetness and strength, and shows that an island home in the Merrimac is still as good a vantage-ground as any for the observation of life. The story has, indeed, the fault of being half-completed before it begins; that is, more than half of the pages are employed to bring the lives of the characters concerned down to the date at which they appear upon the actual scene.

"Frances Waldeaux," by Mrs. Davis, is the story of a woman and her son. Incidentally, it is also the story of two other women, one a foreign adventuress, the other an American girl. The hero meets the adventuress on a transatlantic steamer, and marries her, in brutal disregard of the wishes of his mother, to whom he has more than ordinary reasons for being grateful. The son and the mother separate; and a year or so later, the mother, half-frenzied by her sufferings, makes an attempt, happily unsuccessful, upon the life of the woman who has wronged her. The latter dies soon thereafter, and the husband returns to America with his mother, having lost a good many of the illusions of youth. In the end he marries the American girl who has loved him all the time. This brief outline can give but a slight idea of what is an exceptionally strong piece of literary work. There are some unnatural things about it, but the reader is carried over them by the rapid sweep of the narrative. Among the minor figures, that of the fortune-hunting German princeling is particularly successful; and the moral of international marriages is very explicitly set forth.

Mrs. Sullivan's story of "A Questionable Marriage" is told with more of didactic purpose than of literary art. Its aim is to call attention, by means of a concrete and very painful instance, to the chaotic condition of American divorce legislation. The instance is supplied by a decree of the Oklahoma courts, dated 1894, which nullified all divorces granted within that territory during the preceding year. The heroine of the story is a woman who has freed herself from a brutal husband by means of such a divorce, and who has married again before its annulment by the decision in question. It is evident that the author has taken her subject deeply

to heart (as who familiar with the facts has not?), but her attitude toward the whole question of divorce seems to be one of hesitancy between the civil and the sacramental views of marriage.

There is a marked similarity between the two novels that have been left to close this review. It is not merely that both are the work of women, and replete with a peculiarly feminine form of sentiment, but that their plots, barring accidents of time and place, are essentially the same. In each there is a high-minded heroine, sought after by two men, and in each is the worthy lover cast aside through the treachery of the unworthy one, learning the truth only after an unfortunate marriage has made it impossible to set matters right. In each, also, the wife has an hour of passionate self-abandonment, followed by a revulsion of feeling when duty once more resumes her sway. Miss Litchfield's "In the Crucible" is a novel of Washington society, which is evidently to her a very familiar subject. The book has many charming episodes, and is informed throughout by a spirit of fine idealism that stands in grateful contrast to the spirit in which most contemporary novels are conceived. "A Transatlantic Chatelaine" is the second novel that Miss Prince has written, and, like its predecessor, the scene is laid in provincial France. It is always refreshing to get such glimpses of the real life of the French people, and they are not to be got by the most assiduous student of the French novelists chiefly in vogue. The author of the present work knows her subject *au fond*, and writes of it with such grace and sympathy as to win the affections as well as the interest of her readers.

WILLIAM MORTON PAYNE.

#### BRIEFS ON NEW BOOKS.

*The sex idea in religion.*

The scope and argument of Mrs. Eliza Burt Gamble's work entitled

"The God-Idea of the Ancients"

(Putnam) are better defined by its alternate title, "Sex in Religion." Mrs. Gamble has brought together a great amount of material, drawn chiefly from Furlong's "Rivers of Life," Faber's "Pagan Idolatry," Inman's "Ancient Faiths," "Isis Unveiled," etc. For those acquainted with these works, little comment is needed; to others it may be stated that the work before us deals largely with the worship of trees, fire, water, and the phallus. The author's views regarding the "Evolution of Woman" are fundamental to this work. Just as Mrs. Gamble believes that woman in primitive times was socially and intellectually man's superior, so she also believes that in early religion the female idea in deity was supreme. It was only when, in his selfish might, man encroached socially upon woman's domain, that the old and beautiful religion of adoration of the universal mother gave way. In tree, phallic, and water worship, we have fragments pointing back to the olden happier condition. Mrs. Gamble hates



the Jews, with their male presumption; she deals ungently with Christianity, which to her is a deception of the priests, while Christ himself is Crishna, a sun-god. Both Christ and Crishna are male supplacers of an early feminine solar deity. That our author is in earnest, no one can doubt. She is not altogether happy, however, in her selection of authorities, and not at all critical in her use of material. What she presents may be worth examination, but it does not carry conviction. There are still some peoples who, if not really in the matriarchate, are not far removed from it. Among them are most of our American Indians. Their religion is the nature-worship which Mrs. Gamble so much admires. Yet in it the female is *not* supreme. That the fundamental idea in it is reproduction, that the symbolism is sexual,—all this is true. But the ideas are all bisexual. The male sun and the mother earth combine to produce. Similarly, where other nature forces are the agents in creation, reciprocal principles are found. Nowhere is the idea of the female producing *alone* conspicuous. The virgin mother is an after-thought, not primitive. Every illustration the author gives comes from adult religions, among civilized populations, and not from primitive religious thought. In connection with native American religions one other point may be mentioned: While in society the woman prevails, in religion the female is distinctly subordinate. In many ceremonials she is absent; in others, though present, she takes an inferior position. Yet all this is against Mrs. Gamble's contention. According to her view, the feminine divinity is dethroned or replaced by a male, because in society the man is encroaching. The social slavery precedes the religious revolt. The facts point in another direction. Mrs. Gamble's book is interesting as an example of curious reasoning; but it has little other value.

*Pickle the Spy  
and Prince Charlie.*

After all, there is a great difference between the raw materials for a novel and the finished product as turned over to us by a master workman. Mr. Lang tells us in the preface to "*Pickle the Spy*" (Longmans) that what he here publishes was to have been used by Mr. Stevenson as the basis of a novel; and one of the sources of interest in the volume will be the conjecture of what he would have done with it. From hitherto unpublished papers in the British Museum and in the Stuart Collection at Windsor, Mr. Lang solves two riddles in the minor annals of the eighteenth century: the whereabouts of Prince Charles Edward from 1749 to 1751, and the identity of a special agent of the Pelham government hitherto known as Pickle. To frame these revelations he gives a tolerable complete account of the Young Pretender down to the death of his father, James III., and a sketch of Alexander (Alastair) Ruadh MacDonnell of Glengarry, especially his later years, during which, according to Mr. Lang, he was playing the double rôle of devoted Jacobite and of Pickle the British spy. "Young Glengarry," as he called him-

self, was a "cool, good-humoured, smiling, unscrupulous villain," a "scoundrel happily unconscious of his own unspeakable infamy, proud and sensitive upon the point of honour," a "picturesque hypocrite in religion." Although Mr. Lang does not thus summarize the character of Prince Charles, the picture given by that unworthy's own correspondence is not much more flattering, and removes most of the little idealistic romance that still lingered about the name. The author says, very fairly: "Our history is of next to no political value, but it revives as in a magic mirror certain scenes of actual human life. Now and again the mist breaks and real passionate faces are beheld in the clear-obscure. We mark Pickle furtively scribbling after midnight in French inns. We note Charles hiding in the alcove of a lady's chamber in a convent. The old histories emerge into light, like the writing in sympathetic ink on the secret despatches of King James." Young Glengarry would be a disgrace to a band of Jameses or Youngers; and the chief pathos to the fortunes of the Stuart claimants is that honest loyal-hearted Scots should have spilled their good red blood for such selfish varlets. The book is provided with very thorough table of contents and index, with six fine portraits, and is luxurious typographically.

*Geology and  
kindred subjects.*

The "Introduction to Geology" (Macmillan), by Professor William B. Scott of Princeton University, illustrates an important change in the drift of geological science, as to both investigation and instruction, which has occurred within the last few years. Not long since, the bulk of a geological text-book was filled with palæontology, the records of creation and development entombed in the stratified rocks. Dynamical geology was treated as an addendum, filled with speculations and probabilities. Its hypotheses were presented as guesses at truths rather than as theories substantially grounded upon physical and chemical verities. In Professor Scott's manual these conditions are reversed. He attacks at once the problems of the building of mountains, the carving of their uplifted masses by air and water, in streams, fluid and frozen, the covering of vast areas with alluvium, and the spreading of the *débris* of eroded continents over the wide floors of oceanic basins, afterward to be again lifted into the air and to be subjected to the renewed processes of physical change. And this field he treads not uncertainly, but with a confidence based upon a wealth of observation and deduction well sifted and systemised. After his earth has been fashioned, he proceeds to show how it has been filled with living things. His illustrations are numerous and pertinent, but some have suffered in the printing, while that of Vesuvius, on page 55, has been reversed. As a text-book this work appears to be admirably adapted to the needs of the class-room.—A fitting supplement to Professor Scott's "Introduction" appears in a "Treatise upon Rocks, Rock-weathering, and Soils" (Macmillan), by Professor George F.

Merrill of the United States National Museum. The study of geologic formations leads naturally to an investigation of the materials of the rocks, the physical and chemical forces which unite them, and the methods of their disintegration and decomposition. Thus comes the evidence that within the rocks are stored essential elements of food, which, under the solvent action of air and moisture, become available for the nourishment of plants, which in turn support all animated life. For Nature's economy wins bread out of a stone. The work evidences the study of a wide range of authorities and great industry of preparation. Such of the illustrations as have been printed carefully upon separate pages are very effective.—Professor Israel C. Russell, of the University of Michigan, modestly offers as a "reading book for students of geography and geology" his well-written work upon "The Glaciers of North America" (Ginn). In past geologic ages the glacier has been an agent of tremendous power for carving and smoothing the rocky ribs of the earth, and for transporting and distributing the *débris* which itself has made. From most of the scenes of its continental activity it has retired, but it still lives in places of high latitude or altitude. On the lofty peaks distributed along the Pacific slope, from the heights above the Yosemite to the unconquered summits of Mount St. Elias, grim sentinels watching over Alaskan wastes, are many living glaciers of magnificent proportions, and, for glaciers, easily accessible. Every phase of glacial action is thus offered to the study of the American geologist on a scale surpassed, if at all, only in the fastnesses of the Himalayas or of the polar zones. Professor Russell presents a graphic account of these frozen rivers as observed by himself and described by others, with some very effective illustrations. He adds lucid explanations of the phenomena as interpreted by the most advanced hypotheses. His book is instructive and stimulating, and after reading it the student or the tourist who will not with his own eyes see the wonders of the Illece-lewaet and the Muir Glaciers will be restrained by circumstances clearly beyond his control.

*The sonnets  
of muscular  
Christianity.*

The name of Edward Cracroft Lefroy will be remembered by some, perhaps, as the writer of a number of sonnets distinguished by their pure and classic thought, and by others for the somewhat singular position which he may claim in the development of English ideas in our own time. Two lines of thought,—or, more exactly, two theories of life,—are marked for us by the names of Charles Kingsley and Thomas Hughes on the one hand, and of Walter Pater and John Addington Symonds on the other. "Muscular Christianity" is the name by which we think of the first; "Æsthetic Hedonism" is a nickname which has been given the latter. Lefroy, a brilliant Oxford man and afterward a curate in several charges, was really trying to find a *via media* between the two. He would not himself have acknowledged that this was his effort. "Pater Pa-

ganism and Symonds Sensuality" was, we believe, the term he found for the one tendency, while to the other he was openly and earnestly attached. Yet those who believe that paganism and sensuality are not a necessary development of what has been called "Æstheticism" will not be surprised that it should have been the appreciative essay of Symonds himself that has given many their sole acquaintance with Lefroy. Now, however, Lefroy's sonnets and other poems have been republished (John Lane) in a volume prefaced by a short memoir by Wilfrid A. Gill, and followed by the essay by Symonds just mentioned. It is a book which many will wish to have, not merely, however, for an interest in the author's ideas. The sonnets are not precisely in the tone of our day, but they have a cool touch that is refreshing.

*Character-studies  
from French  
peasant life.*

The homely life of the French peasant has been cleverly delineated with both pen and pencil in a series of short sketches bearing the collective name of "My Village" (Scribner). The author, Mr. E. Boyd Smith, is an American artist, a native of Boston, who has for years plied his art in Paris during the winters, and in the summers found a congenial change in the small community inhabiting Valombre, a hamlet lying a few miles to the northward. He has dwelt among these simple villagers as one of them, entering into their life with friendly sympathy, and by such close contact gaining an intimate knowledge of their individual characteristics along with their general habits and customs. His sketches, apparently careless of a formal connection, succeed in presenting a continuous history of persons and families, and in exciting a greater interest than might be supposed from the quiet incidents which make up the narrative. But it is human nature which they depict, and its vicissitudes of joy and sorrow, trial and tragedy, are the same in every rank and condition, and move us inevitably with their heroism and pathos. The author's illustrations are full of spirit and suggestiveness,—a bare unstudied outline sufficing, through the artist's skilful management, to set a vivid situation in detail before us. The monotyp plates are the result of a singular process, being drawn in a thin layer of moist black paint on a porcelain plate, and the impression taken off upon paper by pressure with the hand. It is a process requiring swift and dextrous execution.

*Hamerton's sketches  
of French  
country life.*

The latest volume which the Messrs. Roberts Brothers have issued in their excellent edition of Philip Gilbert Hamerton's works bears the title "The Mount and Autun," and consists of sketches of the French country-side and city where he spent the last years of his busy life. The first and longer sketch is a very pleasant description of Mount Beuvray and the Gaulish remains found there, and of his camp-life. In a charmingly desultory way he makes many suggestive reflections and acute remarks on scenery, architecture, landscape gardening, antiqui-

ties, history, legends, manners, all in his peculiarly delicate, sensitive, finished style, and with that large appreciativeness and thoughtful urbanity which were so characteristic of the man. The second and slighter sketch is concerned with the town of Autun; and while this is hardly as interesting as the first paper, it is yet very agreeable reading. For the visitor to Autun and its vicinity, this book will be indispensable; and although it is one of Hamerton's less important works, it will serve to please and instruct cultivated readers everywhere. The volume is prefaced by a good portrait of the author.

*The Dutch in the Far East.*

Away to the east of Réunion, in the Indian Ocean, lies the island of Lombok, of which a full account is given by Captain Cool in "With the Dutch in the East" (Luzac & Co., London). Lombok is one of the Sunda Islands to the east of Java, is about the size of our Long Island, and has a population variously estimated at from 100,000 to 1,000,000—the latter figures evidently a gross inaccuracy. The volume is largely a compilation from Dutch sources, with some quotations from Wallace's "Malay Archipelago." The historical sketch of the island includes a full report of the recent operations of the Dutch army against the Balinese. Several chapters are also given to an account of the country and of its people, both the Balinese and the Sasaks. While the work contains some good material, it is not very skilfully put together, and the impression is further marred by the absurdly short paragraphs. The illustrations are in the main well drawn and interesting, but the printing and binding of the book are hardly to be commended.

*Queen Victoria's Prime Ministers.*

Mr. Reginald B. Brett's "The Yoke of Empire" (Macmillan), outwardly a most attractive little volume, contains brief sketches of Victoria's Prime Ministers, including her "Permanent Minister" Prince Albert. The chapters, except the last two, are reprinted from the "Nineteenth Century" magazine. The author endeavors throughout, as he says, "to illustrate a single point—the human relation between a Constitutional Sovereign and her Ministers." For the behoof of American readers, especially, the point seems well worth illustrating, and Mr. Brett does it in an interesting way. Much may be gathered from the book touching the personal weight and influence of Victoria as a political entity in national affairs; and the characters of the several ministers are shrewdly and graphically outlined. The portraits are notably good.

*A handbook on the Cape country.*

Miss Frances Macnab's work entitled "On Veldt and Farm" (Edward Arnold) is a handbook on the Cape country, and, being based on direct observation, appears to be trustworthy. As paying special attention to farming interests, the volume will be useful to investors and emigrants. The sentiment of the book is distinctly anti-Boer, and some interesting

descriptions of "the mediæval existence of the Boers" are given. The account of a "trek" or cross-country ride with oxen and cart in Bechuanaland is quite graphic. The work may be recommended as a plain straightforward summary of the present state of affairs in Cape Colony and adjoining territory.

#### BRIEFER MENTION.

Mr. R. A. Streatfield's "The Opera" (Lippincott) is an interestingly written history of the most popular form of musical art. Its aim is to sketch the development of the opera from its beginnings with Monteverde, Purcell, and Scarlatti down to its culmination in the gigantic work of Wagner. It provides the reader also with fairly full summaries of all the important works in the modern repertory. It is written in a pleasing, although not a brilliant, style, and its judgments are well and soberly expressed. We cannot always agree with them, but the divergence of our opinion concerns rather the nuance than the fundamental characterization. For example, "Tristan" is not the "Romeo and Juliet," but rather the "Antony and Cleopatra" of music. Mr. J. A. Fuller-Maitland provides the work with a well-considered introduction.

It is a lean year that does not bring at least one new edition of "The Compleat Angler," and Mr. John Lane has determined that 1897 shall not be such a year. It bids fair, rather, to be distinguished among Waltonians as the year of their favorite modern edition of the "Angler," for it would be difficult to improve upon the good taste and the careful workmanship that have gone to the making of the edition that Mr. Lane has just published. It is in form a large and squareish octavo, sumptuously printed on choice paper, bound in buckram with a simple and appropriate cover-design, provided with a lengthy introduction by Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, and illustrated with great profusion by Mr. Edmund H. New. The illustrations are largely topographical, the drawings having in most cases been made on the spot, and the text followed is that of the fifth edition, which was the last to receive Walton's own supervision.

For three years now, the quarterly parts of "Bibliographica," imported by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons, have found the way to our shelves, and it is with regret that we note the receipt of the twelfth (and concluding) instalment of this superb periodical. Projected to continue for three years only, the work has now run its course, and all who have been concerned in its production are to be warmly congratulated upon the result of their labors. The eight hundred and fifty fortunate possessors of this noble work will find upon their shelves few tomes as stately, as beautiful, and as intrinsically valuable as the three volumes in which the twelve parts of "Bibliographica" are grouped for binding. The contents of Part XII. include "On a Manuscript of the Biblia Pauperum," by Sir E. Maunde Thompson; "Late Jacobite Tracts," by Mr. Andrew Lang; "The Isham Books," by Mr. R. E. Graves; and "The Illustrations in French Books of Hours, 1486-1500," by Mr. A. W. Pollard. Since "Bibliographica" was ushered into the world without a preface, the graceful valedictory "Epilogue" which closes this final number fitly brings the work as a whole to its close.



## LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. George M. Harper has edited the "Pierre de Touche" of Augier and Sandeau for the series of modern language texts published by Messrs. Ginn & Co.

An "Introductory Course in Differential Equations," by Dr. D. A. Murray, is published by Messrs. Longmans, Green, & Co. It is designed for "students in classical and engineering colleges."

Messrs. Ginn & Co. are the publishers of Professor A. E. Dolbear's "First Principles of Natural Philosophy," and of the more advanced "Experimental Physics," by Mr. William A. Stone.

Two new numbers in the "Half Moon" series of papers on historic New York (Putnam) are "The Early History of Wall Street," by Mr. Oswald G. Villard, and "Governor's Island," by Mrs. Blanche Wilder Bellamy.

We have received from Brentano's (Paris) a pamphlet containing Sir Edmund Monson's address on "Washington and the Mother Country," given before the American University Dinner Club, of Paris, on February 22 of this year.

Mr. Andrew Lang purposes replying to the Right Hon. F. Max Müller's recent "Contributions to the Science of Mythology," in a volume which is to be called "Modern Mythology," and brought out by Messrs. Longmans.

Two new volumes in Professor Knight's edition of Wordsworth, published by the Macmillan Co., give us a chronological arrangement of the "Prose Works," which have never before been brought together in so satisfactory an arrangement.

Under the title "From a Cloud of Witnesses," Mr. David Wasgatt Clark has compiled an interesting collection of over three hundred tributes to the Bible, from the pens of the world's greatest thinkers. The volume is neatly printed in two colors, and is published by Messrs. Curtis & Jennings.

Dr. William A. Setchell's "Laboratory Practice for Beginners in Botany," published by the Macmillan Co., is an excellent book for those secondary schools in which the subject of botany is taken to mean something more than the study of a text and the identification of a few phenogamous species of plants.

We take pleasure in noting the completion, by the publication of a third volume upon "Light and Sound," of the admirable "Elements of Physics" (Macmillan), upon which Professors E. L. Nichols and W. S. Franklin have been for so long engaged. The "Theory of Physics" (Harper), by Dr. Joseph S. Ames, is another college text-book of the subject, this time in a single volume.

Mr. George P. Humphrey of Rochester begins a series of "American Colonial Tracts" with the publication of "A Discourse Concerning the Design'd Establishment of a New Colony to the South of Carolina in the Most Delightful Country of the Universe." This tract, by Sir Robert Mountgomry, was printed in London, in the year 1717. These "tracts" are to appear monthly, and the subscription is three dollars a year.

The death, at Kansas City, May 6, of James B. Rannion, formerly of Chicago, closed the career of an estimable and well-known journalist, playwright, and man of letters. For the two decades following the war he bore an active and prominent part in the best literary and journalistic life of Chicago, a life of which the Chicago of to-day knows but little; and by the surviving members of that earlier circle he will be pleasantly

and gratefully remembered. Mr. Rannion was born at Lafayette, Indiana, in 1842, came to Chicago in boyhood, graduated from the old Chicago University, and after a few years of foreign travel entered the field of journalism, occupying positions as literary and dramatic critic, editorial writer, and managing editor, upon the "Times," the "Post," and the "Tribune"; while for the last ten years of his life he was one of the editors of the Kansas City "Star." Although thus busily engaged, he found time and inclination for much creditable work of a more distinctively literary kind. He wrote short stories and essays, which appeared in the "Lakeside," the "Atlantic," and other magazines; and in the first decade of THE DIAL he wrote for it many excellent reviews, chiefly of dramatic literature. He was a skilful and successful playwright, and was for many years employed by Mr. McVicker in translating and adapting pieces for his theatre. "Mignon," "Miss Manning," and "Hearts and Diamonds" are examples of Mr. Rannion's original plays. His warm sympathy and delicate literary touch made him a superior translator, and he accomplished with signal success the difficult task of rendering into adequate English Lamartine's beautiful and poetic romance of "Graziella." His knowledge of the stage, and of its history and literature, was very great; and he enjoyed the personal friendship of Booth, Barrett, Jefferson, and other leading actors of his time.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

[The following list, containing 82 titles, includes books received by THE DIAL since its last issue.]

## BIOGRAPHY AND MEMOIRS.

Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett. By Louis Campbell and Evelyn Abbott. In 2 vols., illus., 8vo. E. P. Dutton & Co. \$10.

Life of Napoleon Bonaparte. By William Milligan Sloane, Ph.D. Vol. III.; illus. in colors, etc., 4to, gilt top, pp. 270. Century Co. \$8. (Sold only by subscription.)

Martha Washington. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton. With portrait, 16mo, gilt top, uncut, pp. 306. "Women of Colonial and Revolutionary Times." Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

## HISTORY.

New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest: Being the Manuscript Journals of Alexander Henry and David Thompson, Members of the Northwest Company, 1799-1814. Edited by Prof. Elliott Cones, A.M. In 3 vols., large 8vo. New York: Francis P. Harper. \$10 net.

A Short History of Medieval Europe. By Oliver J. Thatcher, Ph.D. 12mo, pp. 325. Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25 net.

## GENERAL LITERATURE.

Marriage Questions in Modern Fiction, and Other Essays on Kindred Subjects. By Elizabeth Rachel Chapman. 12mo, uncut, pp. 230. John Lane. \$1.50.

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